

THE ATLANTA CONSTITUTION.

VOLUME XIV.

SUNDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 23, 18 3.—SIXTEEN PAGES.

PRICE 5 CENT

PEYTON H. SNOOK.

On Monday morning to meet the demands of this great present giving season, I will expose at

Greatly reduced prices

My entire line of elegant bice-a-brac and decorated furniture, of which I have some rare gems, only opened within the last few hours, and never shown before in the south.

Mantle and pier glasses, art tables in all shapes, fancy plaques and easels, silk plush goods in every conceivable color and shade, easy chair, fancy screens, the largest and most elegant line fine embossed leather goods. I will also sell on Monday morning my one hundred dollar silk plush parlor suits

For \$75.00.

Also, sixty sideboards and wardrobes, and one hundred Chamber Suites, with three hundred Marble-Top Tables, specially adapted for

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P. H. SNOOK.

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But we desire all to understand that we WILL NOT BE UNDERSOLD BY ANY CLOTHING HOUSE.

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BEDDING AND MATTRESSES,
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My Goods Cost no More Than
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Among these will be found presents, both useful and ornamental. Just received an immense stock of beautiful

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CHRISTMAS PRESENT

FOR YOUR WIFE, MOTHER,

HUSBAND or SWEETHEART

COME TO

MARK BERRY'S

And Get a Handsome Pair of

SLIPPERS

SHOES

—OR—

BOOTS!

NOTHING MORE APPROPRIATE,

NOTHING MORE USEFUL.

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PRICES

All the Latest Novelties in Fine Shoes for Ladies and Gentlemen.

MARK BERRY.

NO. 12 MARIETTA ST.



WE HAVE STILL A VERY LARGE STOCK

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In all sizes and styles, and in order to reduce stock, have

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To suit the times. All those in want of an OVER COAT, SUIT FOR MEN OR BOYS will do well to examine our stock and prices. A full line of

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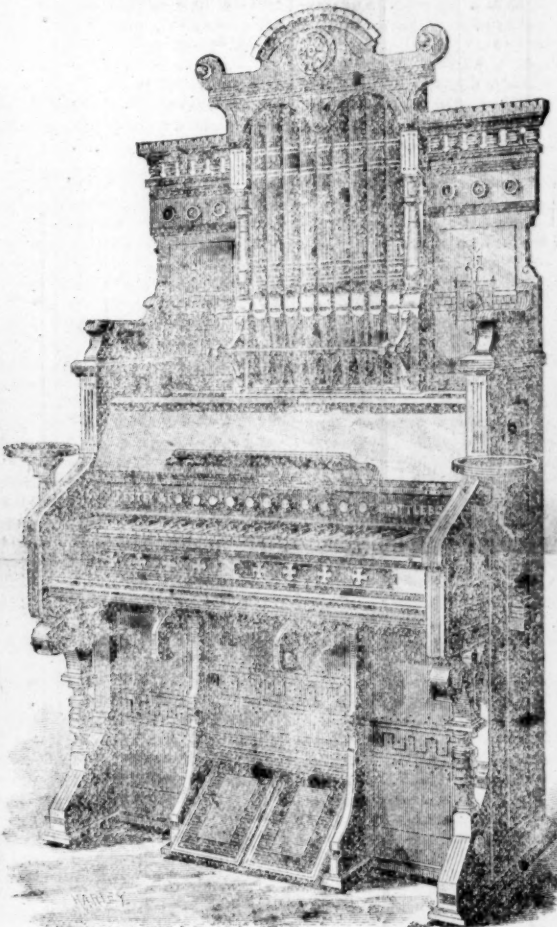
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THE MOST POPULAR PARLOR ORGAN IN THE WORLD.



STYLE 281, PRICE \$100. PIPE-TOP 521, PRICE \$125. STYLE 610, PRICE \$150

THE BEST IS THE CHEAPEST & THIS THE ESTEY UNDOUBTEDLY IS

SOLD LOW FOR CASH OR ON EASY MONTHLY INSTALLMENTS.

THE GATE CITY PIANO

MADE EXPRESSLY FOR THE

ESTEY ORGAN CO.

By one of the Largest and Best Piano Manufacturing Firms in New York.

WARRANTED IN THE FULLEST MANNER BY THE ESTEY ORGAN COMPANY, SO THAT THE PURCHASER RUNS NO RISK!

A FIRST-CLASS PIANO at \$100 LESS THAN IT CAN BE BOUGHT for ELSEWHERE. Having a large sale in Boston and New England. Immensely popular throughout the South. Greatest popularity ever attained by any Piano in the same length of time. "The proof the pudding is the eating thereof."

As a guaranty of the Estey Organ Company's control of and responsibility for their new and improved Gate City Pianos, the words: "Manufactured for the Estey Organ Co." are solidly cast in the plate.

To prevent the checking of varnish from the dampness of the Southern climate—one of the most trying in the world—our new Gate City Upright, Style B, is ebonized. This case is made expressly for us on the now fashionable "Old English" model.

The reason why the Gate City Piano can be sold so much lower than any other piano of equal excellence is that we buy for cash at absolutely first cost, paying nothing for reputation and charging buyers nothing for reputation. Our guaranty shields the purchaser from all risks.

MANY HUNDREDS OF SOUTHERN MUSIC TEACHERS, FAMILIES, ETC.

Scattered all the way from Virginia to Mexico, are in position to testify to the merits of

THE GATE CITY PIANO

and especially to its adaptation to the Southern Climate, the most severe in the world. Don't throw away your money on shoddy instruments simply because they are cheap, but buy of a thoroughly responsible concern, whose guaranty saves you all risk.

ESTEY ORGAN COMPANY

Cor. Broad & Alabama Sts., Atlanta, Ga.

N. B.—The company are now offering four to five million acres of best long leaf yellow pine timber on compact bodies accessible to railroad and river, also mica mines, gold, iron and copper properties, marble, slate and ochre beds, splendid water powers on line of railroad, and other valuable property

A CHRISTMAS STORY.



The holidays were approaching; Gerald, Charles and Herbert stood in the corridors of the Markham cottage upon the events of the day.

"I wonder what the season promises?" asked Herbert.

"I give it up," said Gerald.

"It's a puzzle to me," added Charles.

The three swells were deeply infatuated with the same woman, and each sought to keep the secret from the other. Some minutes later they separated. Then Gerald went off and mused to himself: "I must get my life's happiness with this Christmas present. What shall I send to win Florence forever?"

And Charles, also, thought these words: "What shall I best send to secure me against my hated rivals? Florence must be mine."

Herbert, too, muttered: "By Jove! I must down those other fellows. How can I annihilate Gerald and Charles? Oh! Florence, my idol!"

A CARD.

We desire to announce that notwithstanding the heavy drafts made upon us during the past week, our stock has been replenished by fresh shipments of Diamonds, Watches fine Jewelry and silver that have come in by every express.

We are enabled to present to-morrow a superb stock of holiday goods, and cordially invite the public to call and examine the many tempting articles which we offer at prices within reach of the most economical.

J. P. STEVENS & CO., JEWELERS.

DIAMONDS.

Our unprecedentedly large sales of these gems during the past week, shows a considerable appreciation on the part of purchasers, of the extremely low prices, and the comprehensive stock which we display. We can please the most moderate demand, for either the inexpensive clusters or valuable fine carat solitaires.

We offer these goods at prices so reasonable as to make their purchase a desirable investment to say nothing of their attractiveness as ornaments.

Exquisite lace pins, finely matched pairs of solitaire Earrings, and a large variety of rings and fancy pieces are shown. Obtain our prices before purchasing.

J. P. STEVENS, & CO., JEWELERS.



Herbert, after spending several days among the various shops and stores of the city, could find nothing with which to satisfy his own taste.

"Why not send her my pug?" he asked himself. "That will win her, I know, for women adore beautiful pugs. Now, that dog cost me two hundred, and shall be the means of my future joy. Bless the dear dog, why didn't I think of it before?"

When the eventful evening came, he approached the home of Florence. Inside it was ablaze with brilliant lights. He had sent his pet pug in a gilded wire cage with "The season's compliments."

A short while later he went puffing down the street. He had seen Florence, and her only words of greeting were: "Oh, why did you send me that despicable dog? I'll return it, sir, at once."

This sealed the doom of Herbert.



Gerald had labored zealously for a whole week before Christmas in the vain endeavor to satisfy his exacting ideas as to a suitable gift for Florence.

"Shall I send her a toilette case?" he queried to himself. "No; that will never do. Her boudoir is already a palace, and she must have something to draw her away from the glittering gems that surround her."

"Why not send something literary?" suggested a good spirit.

"I'll do that very thing!" he ejaculated.

From Gerald Florence received a Webster's Unabridged Dictionary. Shortly after Herbert left her on Christmas night, Gerald put in an appearance.

"Mr. Gerald," said the fair creature, "do you take me for an idiot, that I don't know how to spell the queen's English? Get out of my sight, and, here, take your hated book."

Gerald's funeral went off well the next week.

WATCHES.

In these articles we have new features

A ladies' watch with the inside cap arranged for placing in it the picture of the giver. These we produce in a variety of exquisitely decorated cases. "Shell cases" are popular, are the new "box," but these inside with effective designs in different colors of gold produce the most pleasing contrasts. We also exhibit the very small stem-winders, no larger than a nickel piece.

Gentlemen's watches in great variety. The "Stevens Watch" is now well known as not only the most accurate in the market, but having greater improvements than others. They are fully guaranteed and the purchaser has the satisfaction of knowing that should any accident occur to his watch a new part can be procured here at home and the watch made the same as new in a few minutes.

J. P. STEVENS & CO., JEWELERS.

WILDCAT'S CHRISTMAS.

Written for The Constitution.

In the ruined old shanty out in the corn-field Wildcat's mother lay dead. Some kindly neighbors had closed the eyes and prepared the body for its final rest, that it might be decently laid away.

This woman had been a disgrace to the village and only to her strange wild child, to whom the mother had clung with such wolfish love, could her death bring sorrow.

This little creature was lying in a tumbled heap by the bedside when her mother died, and was left unmolested by the women who moved about, whispering together as they composed the body and prepared it for burial. With consternation, at last, they saw her spring to her feet and rush from the room, screaming at them with wild anger for the frightful words she had heard them speak of the dead. Out of the house she ran filling the autumn air with her shrill cries, and only slackened her headlong pace at the great fence by the roadside. Scrambling over this she threw herself down and beat the ground in her helpless wrath.

Suddenly there came to her ear the noise of tramping feet and the blast of a hunter's horn. At the sound she hushed her loud wails, forgot her grief-stricken anger. A herd of cattle were coming. Many times, from the fence top she had shouted to the herdsmen passing with their droves, and they had always been kind to her. Now, instantly, her resolve was taken, and rising from the ground she walked out into the road and quietly stood waiting.

"Get away from that!" shouted the man who rode in front of the cattle, on seeing the little figure. "Get out, I say—the critters'll be over you in a minute." With these words he cracked the long whip he held in his hand. The child did not move. The foremost of the cattle, frightened by the stinging sound of the lash, started forward. In a moment they would have trampled her in the dust, had not their driver dashed ahead and caught her up, just as they galloped past.

"What a little devil you are!" exclaimed the man as he rode to one side and reined in his horse. "What did you do that for? A minute more and you'd 'er been dead. Get down now and don't try that again." "I won't get down," the child said quietly, clinging fast to the buttons on his coat. "I did that on purpose. I ain't got any home now; my mother's dead." There was a slight softening in the hard little voice here and she paused a moment. Then she continued, the softness all gone from her tones: "I heard the old women from the village say they were going to take me with 'em and I went go. I hate 'em all. They driv us away to the old hut where she died, halfway cause we never had nothing to eat. I'm hungry now, I tell you, and I want go and live with 'em. I'm gone with you. I walked out there to make you pick me up."

In mute astonishment the man looked at the defiant, tear-stained face. Then he asked her name. "Loreny," she answered; "that's what you must say. They calls me Wildcat round here, cause I scratch and bite. They make me do it, and if you don't take me with you I always will." Hear the hardness all melted. Throwing her arms around the shaggy neck she hid her face on his breast and sobbed and begged until the kindly heart under the rough coat was touched. Swinging her tiny form to a seat on the horse behind him, he said: "Why, of course, baby, I'll take you if you've got no folks; then galloped ahead to overtake his companions.

Poor little Wildcat's heart was swelling with delight as she rode along. She was escaping from the village people and the hated bugbear of a life with them. But at times the memory of the dead mother she had left

with no good-bye kiss, would come to her, bringing a flood of tears. Her new friend, distressed at such outbursts, patted the little hands that held him so tight, and cheered the child with loving words.

When he had overtaken his companions he showed his new-found treasure. "Well, boys," he said, "I've picked up a little nut back yonder. The old woman—her mother—pegged out and left this baby with no home or friends, so I've took 'er. I'll be handy to have a little gal around."

The men all crowded near to see the small stranger and gave her cordial welcome. She was a child helpless and alone. That fact appealed to each one. She must have care and protection, and there were none to give it but themselves, so right there Loreny was adopted.

That night when she was fast asleep, tucked away in the old wagon body, her future was discussed around the camp-fire. She belonged, of course, by first rights to the one who had found her, but he had said, with generous ardor: "We'll all have a hand in the raising. I'm the brother, but you kin all be first cousins. Now ain't that pretty square?" They all agreed that what he said was square and so the matter was settled.

When the men had sold the great herd of cattle with which they had come east, they turned away in the old wagon body, her future was discussed around the camp-fire. She belonged, of course, by first rights to the one who had found her, but he had said, with generous ardor: "We'll all have a hand in the raising. I'm the brother, but you kin all be first cousins. Now ain't that pretty square?" They all agreed that what he said was square and so the matter was settled.

Those autumn days were the happiest the little waif had ever known. Until now jeers and sneering glances had been her lot; even the village children had been taught to shun her for the wretched mother's sake, whom respectability had thrust away to live and starve in the shanty out in the field. But now among these men who long ago had left society and all its laws behind, she was happy as the wild birds she saw around her on the prairies. In her presence the oaths were never uttered, and awful stories of dark deeds done in the past never told around the campfire so long as the little one sat by and listened from her perch on Jim's knees. Instead, sloughish memories were taxed for childish stories and songs learned many years before, amid widely different scenes, at their mother's sides. And so, little Wildcat came to know all about "Red Riding Hood" and "Cinderella," and the beauty who slept so long—became in fact very wise in childish lore. Then, too, out on the boundless western prairies, over which the sound of the church bell had never floated, under the wide arch of heaven by day and night, and by the foggy light, she was learning a lesson—the beautiful lesson of loving kindness. Her teachers were men, some of whom were outlaws and murderers, and the child kept the bitter lessons of hatred and revenge she had learned from the village people.

Christmas time drew near. But this season, so full of joy to more fortunate children, meant nothing to Loreny. Christmas days had never held any pleasure for her and she cared neither for their coming or going. Jim found this out and concocted a magnificent programme for the one now near at hand, which would make her ever afterward love that happy time. With great enthusiasm the men entered into the plan and a party were sent to the nearest town where all the things needed for their beautiful scheme might be found. Wonderfully well it all kept from Loreny, though many a blunderer half told the story and was saved only by a warning knock.

Right in the midst of their gay preparation came summons from Kansas for a herd of

cattle. They must move on northward. But what of Loreny's Christmas? They could not abandon it, their charming surprise, and waiting a few days would make but little difference. They would leave the camp, therefore, on Christmas afternoon. Then with luck they could reach their destination all in good time.

Christmas eve had come. Jim had tucked the child away quite early, and joining the group who were to sit up that night and watch the cattle in case of a stampede, he said: "There's a norther blowin' up; better keep a good watch over them critters. I'm the brother, but you kin all be first cousins. Now ain't that pretty square?" They all agreed that what he said was square and so the matter was settled.

The haze in the north showed to the experienced eyes of the herdsmen that Jim's words were true; and throwing great logs on the already blazing fire, they awaited the approach of the cold north wind and driving rain. About midnight it reached them and in one terrific burst of thunder the awful storm commenced.

Instantly the entire mass of cattle were on their feet, bewildered and terrified by the sudden, deafening report. The frightful stampede had begun; and springing upon their horses, staked, all saddled, at hand, the men dashed fearlessly among the tramping, bellowing animals that, maddened with fright, rushed back and forth in the darkness. The occasional flash of lightning and dying gleam of the camp fire, quenched by the rain, only made the scene more terrible. As Jim, his comrades lay down under the cruel hoofs, he muttered a prayer of thankfulness that the little one in the ranch was safely away from all the hideous danger.

He had come for a moment near the cabin in which he thought her sleeping, when to his horrified amazement he saw a little white form in the doorway. It was Loreny, his little Wildcat, and above the terrible uproar he heard her call his name. "Go back, go back, Loreny!" He prayed in his agony, then plunging into the heaving mass that separated them, he tried to reach her side. Instantly he was surrounded. The long whip in his hand did valiant work, and his noble horse struggled gallantly, but at last they were overpowered. The maddened brutes rushed onward in their efforts to escape from the knew not what; the horse lost his footing and neither he nor his master rose again. The men nearest the cabin fancied they heard just then a child's loud cry, but looking they saw nothing. The little figure was no longer in the doorway.

Lying in the sunshine close by poor Jim's side was the crushed and lifeless form of the little child who had been the joy and pet of all the men, faithful to the friend she had so dearly loved even to the end.

"Lord, Lord, and this is our Christmas day!" groaned one of the men, as he gathered the dead baby up in his arms and carried her into the cabin. "Them horned devils have done it now." There was bitter mourning that day in the ranch; three of the men lay dead beside Loreny, and full half the cattle had been killed in the night. "It's rough, boys, mighty rough, but none of it don't come home to me like her. I can't make out she's dead. But she got too good to live. I knowed she'd die as soon as she got over all her old wildcat ways." The speaker paused here (he was digging a grave) to wipe away the tears that were falling fast. "She went somewhere else to find her Christmas and a deal better 'll be than any she could have here, but anyhow, let's give her ours too. We can't never bear to look at them things we got for her, so let's put 'em away with her."

When they had laid the little body by Jim's side in the grave they had dug, each one brought his offering and with reverent love and bitter grief, placed it in her rude coffin. Over them all they laid Jim's present, a gay plaid shawl. Then, each lending a hand, they threw in the earth. "Now," they said, when they had ended this sad, sad task, "she's got God's Christmas and ours, too."

SALLIE E. KENDRICK.

AUGUSTA'S SAND HILLS.

A VISIT TO THE OLD ARSENAL NEAR THE GEORGIA LOWELL.

A Beautiful Suburban Retreat for Tired Mortals—Augusta and Her Manufacturing Interests—The Cotton Industries—Compared to Atlanta—The Progress Being Made.

Special Correspondence of The Constitution.

AUGUSTA, Ga., December 21.—"That talk is closed, sir!"

A lonely guard, clad in the regulation blue of our national soldiery, was pacing before the entrance of the old arsenal yesterday. As I entered, and was about to proceed down a well-defined path on the grassy walk beside the road, the guard saw me and warned me into the common carriage road with the above speech. Late instructions have been posted to keep people off the grass, and when the visitor is too blind to notice the placard, the guard steps up and makes his stereotyped speech. This old arsenal, constructed thirty or forty years ago by the government, is one of the landmarks around Augusta, and attracts everybody who journeys to the Sand Hills. During the late war it was occupied by the confederates, but when the surrender came the federal government again took it in charge and has had a garrison there ever since. The grounds around the arsenal occupy about seventy-five acres, and are kept in the most perfect order. It costs the American people the small sum of twenty-five thousand dollars annually to keep the place presentable, including the pay of a small squad of soldiers, mustering now only twenty-two. There are only two commissioned officers there now—a major, the commandant of the arsenal, and a captain. The grounds are almost level, and it is not an overstatement to say they are very beautiful. On either side of the long drives which lead up from the entrance around past the arsenal and out to the officers' quarters at the opposite side of the enclosure, are pyramids of cannon balls, placed at regular intervals and in a mathematical line. There are also piles of unmounted cannon near the walks, and also a number of beautiful mounted guns made of brass, which point their gaping muzzles straight down the drives. An occasional mortar, too, dots the square, dumb, unresponsive looking things, so silent now, so terrible in war! Along some of the foot ways are double rows of umbrella china trees, lovely enough in summer, but now only suggesting a thousand bayonets grouped together and pointing upward. Standing in front of the officers' home, and looking down over the stretch towards the arsenal, the view is most attractive.

The long arsenal building stretches some 400 or 500 feet across the grounds, and being painted pure white, it stands out against the background of sturdy oaks, as well defined as a statue carved in stone. The building is two stories high with little turrets at the corners, a small tower in the center and the walls fringed with square scallops. It looks like an old castle of the middle ages, in some respects, and is, probably, one of the most useless pets now entertained and fostered by our government. As I came

out of the grounds, the same guard who had accosted me on entering stood at his post.

"Are you allowed to talk?" I asked.

"O, yes," he replied, "but I can't talk to a stranger; what is it for?"

"It is run by the government, and is, as its name suggests, an arsenal."

"Then you have guns and ammunition stored here?"

"Yes, there are about 50,000 stand of small arms here, besides several hundred cannons."

"How do you keep them safe?"

"Well, that's the best of it, I shall seek an honor of discharge and go at some time better than guarding harmless guns." The man was probably forty-five years old, and said he had lived all his life near the arsenal. Three years ago he enlisted, he has two years longer to serve. He says the hard ships are more than he can stand, being forced to guard with solemn tread six hours every day, six hours every night, and never allowed to go a visiting, often than once a month. How thoroughly patriotic such a life must be, at sixteen dollars a month.

THE SAND HILLS.

Augusta would not be Augusta without the Sand Hills. It is the home of the swiftest people of the city, and is idolized by the aristocracy. And it ought to be, for I consider it one of the most inviting places I have ever visited. The dwellers make it a kind of Valhalla, where everyone does as one pleases, and where the hand of hospitality is ever ready to grasp a visitor and make him feel upon the fat of the land and grow almost weary of showers of courtesies. The old families of the state make this their home—those whose long lines of lineage run back into colonial times, and stretch even across the waters among the titled nobility of the mother country. There seems to be still the freshest fires of a golden-hearted gentility burning here, with all the old time chivalry and chivalry as in the days of knight errantry. How could it be otherwise than a delight to have one's lot cast here.

Society on the Hill, it is unnecessary to say, is charming; the houses are attractive and the women beautiful, thus making it a kind of supplementary paradise which the tired mortals of the city seek with avidity and longing. The Sand Hills are noted as a great health resort, and a fine hotel is soon to be erected here.

AUGUSTA OUTLINED.

Augusta, like some other southern cities I could mention, seems somewhat dissatisfied with her share of the world's good things. I cannot see how she could do better. Last year among Georgia cities she ranged second, and probably first in the grand total of her improvements, having added something like \$2,500,000 in houses, factories and other public buildings. This seems to be a fair measure of prosperity, but there are people here who are inclined to the belief that Augusta is behind the times. Between 1849 and 1889 she increased her manufactures one hundred per cent, and within three years, has doubled her capacity for manufacture of cotton. There is now invested here in cotton factories about \$7,500,000, which make over 30,000,000 yards of goods yearly. The spindles in these factories number about 150,000, with a capacity in the mills already built for 50,000 more. These mills use 25,000 bales of cotton or 7,500,000 pounds, requiring about 3,000 operatives. There are in Georgia over 300,000 spindles, and it is a great showing that Augusta owns fully one-half of them. There are, of course, many other large industries, flourmills, foundries, etc., which swell the total capital in Augusta's manufacturing enterprises to about \$6,000,000 in round numbers. There seems to be a slight depression in mercantile circles, but it is due to perfectly legitimate causes, and no alarm is felt among the more thoughtful for the city's future. Real estate is held at a figure advanced beyond anything in the city's history. At present there is no special

boom in real estate, but that amounts to very little when the season is considered. I notice many handsome buildings going up all over the city, among them some elegant residences. The population is now about 30,000 and increasing rapidly, enough to make it certain of being 40,000 in 1890. There is not the same public spirit here that one finds pervading the Atlanta atmosphere, nor is there the same life visible.

This, however, is readily explained. Augusta has not caught on to the yankee idea of small industries, depending, as she does, on the magnitude of her large factories. There can be no question about small industries forming a basis of growth for all of New England's prosperous cities. Practically Atlanta is the only yankee town in the south, for in no other city can there be found such a diversification in all branches of the trade which go towards making her commerce. Then, too, the construction of Augusta is rather against her in making an impression upon a visitor. The streets are very wide, and the same number of people on Broad street would look twice as large on Whitehall in Atlanta. Crowd men and vehicles on Peachtree at the capital, and they would seem lost on any street in Augusta. This detracts from the look of life and spirit of Augusta; but when the totals are added up at the end of the year, the \$40,000,000 shown as the trade of the city, it is sufficient evidence that there are few sleepy people here.

The great canal is the biggest thing here, yielding, as it does, 14,000 horse power already, with power to double that capacity. I suppose \$25,000,000 in factories could be located along the canal. As yet there is not more than one-seventh of this amount working. Just what the possibilities of the city are cannot be reckoned, but they are great enough to make it one of the most valuable cities in America, a pride alike to Georgia and our common country. I need not say more here. At another time I shall make a more thorough resume of the city's resources.

POINTS.

Through the courtesy of Hon. Pat Walsh, I was shown through the Chronicle and Constitutional building. It is a finely equipped establishment, covering everything needed in the printing line, from a job department to fine book work. The success of Mr. Walsh's paper is one of the marked features in Georgia journalism, and he is keeping pace with the times in printing a first-class paper in every respect. The building is three stories high, and runs through a whole block, 300 feet. Connected with the paper is a paper-box factory, a new enterprise. I am glad to note its successful management. They are now shipping boxes to Atlanta firms.

The Evening News, under Editor Moore's management, is another great pride of the people here. It is a question whether any afternoon paper ever printed in Georgia is so popular as the Evening News. It pleases everybody. Much of the interest shown in the News is due to the work of Mr. Gibson, the city editor. He is quite a toast, socially, and is certainly a young man of brilliant promise. As Editor Moore has dubbed him a "jewel," more cannot be said in his praise.

Mr. Pleasant Stovall, of the Chronicle, has made a rapid rise as a writer of late years, and now commands a handsome salary and a prominent position on his paper. His strong, pungent paragraphs and sensible editorials have made him invaluable to the Chronicle, and given him a state reputation among members of the "Fourth Estate." Mr. Stovall is as modest over his attainments as Mr. Joel Chandler Harris, and an ornament to the profession. C. T. L.

The best regulator of the digestive organs and the best appetizer known is ANGSTRA BITTER. Try it, but beware of imitations. Get from your grocer or druggist the genuine article, manufactured by J. G. B. Siebert & Sons.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.



Whitehall street had been crowded a week before the holidays. Before the show windows throngs of people stood looking at the beautiful things displayed within. Poor Charles had been much worried over the matter of sending Florence a suitable gift—one that would render him unto her as the hero of the hour. He had seen books, birds, fans, opera-glasses, bracelets, everything, in fact, that could please the eye.

"But she has all these things," he said to himself, "I must hit upon something else." The day before Christmas he passed before the elegant jewelry store of J. P. Stevens & Co.

"Aha!" he cried, "I have it now! I'll buy my Florence a diamond rare, and I know that will make her mine."

Snatching the action to the word, he bought the jewel. For developments see the cartoon to follow.

A WORD TO PURCHASERS
TO-MORROW.

Mistakes are often made in the purchase of Christmas presents, either in getting an article that is perishable or soon broken and laid aside, or something that is ill adapted to the uses of the person receiving it.

In purchasing an article of jewelry you cannot make in presents for either ladies or gentlemen. Such articles are worn and appreciated. They possess intrinsic value, and are ever present reminders of the pleasant occasion of their presentation. We have articles that cost very little, and are especially designed for gift purposes.

J. P. STEVENS & CO.
JEWELERS,

SOLID SILVER.

We keep only the sterling quality, which is finer than coin, and display a large assortment of staple articles, such as spoons, forks, ladies' napkin rings, fruit knives, etc., etc.

Also a full stock of fancy cased goods for presentation purposes.

J. P. STEVENS & CO.
JEWELERS.

A fairer damsel than Florence Thompson never stepped upon the lifted floor of a princess' palace. She was the perfection of womanly grace, with a form perfect, lithe and willowy. Her eyes were deep blue, lustrous and filled with an expression of divine tenderness which made men fall before her like fields of grain under the fell swoop of the yeoman's scythe. She had scores of admirers, but none of them seemed to have that congeniality of taste which a strong woman so earnestly longs for in men. Her picture is presented herewith, and it is no difficult matter to understand why she was called beautiful or why men worshipped in such droves at her shrine. She had the face of Beatrice, with the youthful loveliness and innocence of Esmeralda.



It was not until Gerald and Herbert had long since gotten to their rooms, when Charles entered the parlors at the Thompson mansion. The friends of Florence had all called and one by one had been dismissed. What an eventful hour for Charles! To him it was the one hour of his life. Was she to be his? Why not? Did he not hold in his pocket the key to his own happiness? Let us see. Draw the curtain aside and behold Florence seated upon a luxurious divan. With the grace of a courtesier he walked to her side, presented his wishes for a happy Christmas, and then reached into his pocket for the jewel. It was one of Steven's royal diamonds, and cost \$1,000.

"This is my Christmas greeting," he said as he leaned over and gave Florence the diamond.

"And this is mine!" said the sweet girl. The next moment she was resting in his arms. Selah!

J. P. STEVENS & CO.
JEWELERS,

AN ATTRACTIVE STOCK OF
FANCY GOODS,
ORNAMENTAL LAMPS, STATUETTES, FRENCH
CLOCKS WITH CATHEDRAL STRIKE.

OPERA GLASSES, TOILET SETS, ETC.
J. P. STEVENS & CO., JEWELERS.

NEW YORK TOPICS.

THE STRANGE ANTIPATHY TO
JEWS ILLUSTRATED.

Franks of Fashion at the Bartholdi French Exhibit—Anthony Comstock Looking at the Pictures—A Remembrance of Sarah Jewett—The Contributions for Cooper's Monument.

By telegraph to The Constitution.

New York, December 21.—To state a fact in the popular and fashionable Christian antipathy towards the Jews is not to take any sympathetic part in it. You doubtless know that the Astors are, by themselves and some others, placed at the highest point in social estimation. They are a part of our imitation aristocracy, and are always arrogant, even though occasionally laughed at. Mrs. William B. Astor's exhibit of lace, in the Bartholdi statue fund air, is by far the finest of them all—excepting one. And the single competitor in this matter is Mrs. Jesse Seligman, who of that particular and wealthy Jewish banker whom Henry Hilton so publicly excluded from the Grand Union hotel, at Saratoga, a few years ago, wholly on account of his nationality. "No Christ-killers can sit down at the same tables with Christians under a roof of mine," Hilton is reported to have said at that time.

But under the more liberal shelter of the academy of design, Mrs. Seligman is allowed to place her treasures of lace right alongside those of Mrs. Astor. I watched the competitive exhibits for an hour, and it was curious to note the manner in which prejudice showed itself. Mrs. Astor's lace was unqualifiedly admired. Everybody accepted it as genuine beyond question, and many, with the American instinct of measuring the worth of everything by the standard of dollars, wondered how many thousands each piece represented. It was different when the name of Seligman was found in the catalogue opposite the adjacent meshes of intricately wrought material. Incredulity as to its actual quality was frequently expressed; and there were remarks that the articles had no doubt been Jewishly picked up at bargain, that it was strange for a Jewess to have an appreciative taste for such things, and other comments equally uncharitable.

The girls of trivial society may have no deep knowledge or liking for the high and dry phases of art that make up the bulk of this exhibition, but they are alert to take some of its available features as the basis for new freaks of fashion. One of the noteworthy exhibits is a collection of old miniatures, mostly of the time of George III. Several of the female favorites of that monarch are pictured with exquisite workmanship on the lids of snuff boxes. The most curious likenesses are of eyes only. The originals are supposed to have belonged to George's mistresses, and probably he, who was familiar with the love light of those orbs, was able to recognize them, if nobody else was. As they appear to a stranger, so long afterwards, they are common enough pairs of optics, though it is imaginable that they once looked out from very bewitching faces. They have proved sufficient for a suggestion to our own belles, who have already begun to get their eyes photographed. Any artist will tell you that the human eye is in itself entirely expressionless, or at least incapable of the slightest changes of expression. The brows and lids are mobile, and tears may soften, but that is all. There is no use, however, in trying to make the girls believe any such heresies against sentiment. They peer their eyes before the camera in the firm belief that their orbs are as mimetic as their lips.

A visitor at the exhibition had a deep scar across his cheek. In other respects he was simply a slender, smooth-faced, neatly-dressed man of forty, quick and nervous in his movements, and not personally conspicuous in a throng. He was examining the examples of French and Italian painting quite carefully, and yet with no greater show of critical interest than was common to many others. It was to be observed that he showed a preference for

LIGHT FOR THINKERS

THE PIONEER SPIRITUAL JOURNAL OF THE SOUTH.

ISSUED WEEKLY AT ATLANTA, GEORGIA.

A. C. LADD, PUBLISHER, G. W. KATES, EDITOR, ASSISTED BY A LARGE CORPS OF ABLE WRITERS.

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pictures of naked women; but I know it was with no admiration that he gave them the preference of attention. He was Anthony Comstock, than whom no man is more ardently hated in all New York. His enemies, one of whom marked him in the face for life with a blade that was intended to be fatal, are the gamblers, the dealers in obscenity, the very dregs of criminality. Opposed to them are a number of the truest and wealthiest philanthropists in the land, who back him with money and influence in his work of detecting and prosecuting such law-breakers as the regular authorities lack the power or will to attack. Between these two extremes are a large number of people who regard Comstock as a wild and indiscriminate fanatic, who does considerable incidental harm while in the main doing good, and who especially makes a fool of himself in the matter of nude but not vicious art. He believes that every picture representing a woman so undressed as to undress her, if she were alive, to be admitted into a respectable drawing room, ought to be destroyed. There are several works in the loan collection which he would like to cremate, and these were the ones he was critically viewing.

People's idea as to propriety are decidedly incongruous. The actress who, more than any other in New York, has stood in public estimation for strictly exemplary character on the stage, and whose conduct has been so unexceptionable as to make her welcome in several circles of our best society is this week wearing the lowliest bodice that ever I saw in public. Her figure is such as to permit a great deal of latitude in that respect, and she avails herself of the entire privilege. I mean Sarah Jewett. Do you remember her? I ask because, though she has passed your way as a member of the Union Square and other theatrical companies, you may already have forgotten her. Show people don't think so, but it is a fact that as soon as out of sight they are out of mind, unless they are positive geniuses. The best of ordinary performers do not make an impression that much outlasts the occasion, but the applause lingers in their own ears and misleads them as to the popularity which they enjoy. Miss Jewett's case convinced me of this. She was for five years the leading actress of the Union Square theater, and as such was the heroine of a succession of highly successful plays. On the breaking up of that remarkable company, last year, she went off on a traveling tour, and we next saw her at the Fifth Avenue theater last Monday night. Remembering how demonstrative the approval of her work used

to be, and how on opening nights she invariably had an ovation, there was no great amount of egotism in her expectation that the house would shake and ring with the delight of the crowded audience before whom she reappeared. The assemblage was composed of the same class of people who admired her at the Union Square, and only a year had elapsed. She was crushingly disappointed. How do I know? Because, with all her experience and address, she was unable to hide her chagrin. On her entrance, she advanced in smiling confidence much nearer to the footlights than the situation of the drama required; and she bowed low as soon as the first pair of hands were clapped. If she had been less honest and assured, but more scheming she would have arranged with the ushers and other hangers on to hush and sustain the applause. As it was, a dozen mild slaps of friendly palms left her bowing awkwardly at indifference and silence. I had a front seat, and I could see the blood rush into her cheeks, under the powder and rouge, to flow back to her heart again, leaving a pallor, concealed by the mask of paint. Although her face may not have revealed her agitation to many spectators, she did not stop her bows in time to cover her retreat gracefully, but let them comically taper off into unmeaning and inappropriate nods to her companion in the dialogue. As for the while, it stayed on her lovely lips in a chilly and congealed state. I heartily pitied the child, though on general principles I like to see the conceit of successful performers repressed.

We are indeed soon forgotten, when we are either dead or absent. There is to-day a glass box at the intersection of the Bowery with Third and Fourth avenues. I looked into it as I came down town this morning and saw four buttons, a brass bucket, a chew of tobacco and possibly twenty-five cents worth of money. My uncertainty as to the sum, arises from the fact that some of the coins were so clipped or battered that their value was not to be exactly calculated. This was a contribution box for a monument to Peter Cooper. It was in the shadow of the institute which his munificent beneficence erected and endowed. But it was going purple with his dollars were educating for skilled vocations. And yet it contained fewer cents than insults.

The good which Peter Cooper did hasn't exactly been buried with his bones, because he took care to leave it above ground in an enduring shape. The evil which the once notorious Madam Restell did

certainly lives after her. I have written something about Anthony Comstock. One of the wrong-doers who escaped his prosecution was this Restell, and she accomplished it by suicide. There are thousands who believe that she is a living fugitive, and they adhere to the theory all the more firmly because there is absolutely not a scrap of evidence to support it. She left a great property in the most fashionable part of Fifth avenue. It consisted in her residence and several adjacent houses. Her heirs leased them to a man who remodelled the whole into a hotel, furnished it in elegant extravagance and opened the doors to guests. Similar enterprises are successful in the same neighborhood. This was as deserving as the rest. But it has already passed into the hands of the State. The estate of Restell's infancy was decreed to be sold.

By the way, residence in Fifth avenue no longer means anything as an indication of prosperity. The southern wife of that once very pretentious thoroughfare is now given up almost entirely to stores and boarding houses. The sidewalks are just now littered with the overflow of Christmas trade from the shops that line it, and at night the glare of electric lights fall on a pandemonium of traffic. Another little, beginning at Twenty-third street, is fast going into the same way. Wealthy merchants break right into the middle of the finest residence blocks with commercial buildings so much bigger and handsomer that the rest is belittled as disquieted. This has reached as far north as Fifth street, and the mansions of the Vanderbilts will in a few years be shouldered by bustling businesses. Even the long maintained offense of Dan Dolan is sinking into insignificance. He bought a corner lot in Fifth avenue, at Forty-fourth street, at a time when it was away beyond the outskirts of fashionable civilization, and built a house, the lower story of which was made a barroom. The extension of rich residences approached him, reached him, passed him, and for ten years his bar was in the midst of golden pretentiousness. He was frequently offered double the value of his house, by neighbors who agreed to divide among themselves the expense of getting rid of the eyesore. He refused to fix any price. He did not wish to sell. He has grown gray behind his hated but well-patronized bar. Stores of all sorts are being opened near him. His next assailants will be men who desire to turn his grocery into some sort of goods mart. It said that his stubbornness hitherto has been due to animosity towards neighbors who, as he learned by their insults, despised him and his

business. But the heavy weights drop into the place to take a drink, sometimes, and it was while I was making an investigatory visit that one of our most ponderous wholesale merchants, over a glass of beer, assured me that the tariff question, if made an issue in the next presidential canvass, was bound to raise huds—though he used the unproved and more shocking word.

"There has never been a political difference in American history," he said, "that was so nearly unimportant. Every man is going to take the side on which he thinks his bread is buttered. I find that every manufacturer with whom I talk, in a business way, is firm that the country would be ruined by free trade, and every importer is just as sure that we would be made prosperous for all time to come. Never in my recollection has our business community been so deeply interested in politics."

"But don't you think there are men who are contentions in their political positions?" I asked.

"O, yes," he replied; "but they're plentiful in the poorhouses than in business."

And he was one of our merchant princes.

FRANKLIN.

SOCIETY'S WAYS.

The hair is again worn high on the head. Jewels now take the place of flowers in ornamenting the hair.

The practice of kissing the bride at a wedding is going out of fashion.

Black jerseys are worn by ladies in mourning and are very popular.

Bonnets with cloth crowns and velvet brims are the favorites for demi toilet.

A close fitting, high-necked, long-sleeved gown always increases the charms of a bride.

Custom now forbids pretty young widows to attend upon their second matrimonial journey attired in white.

For dancing the short skirt is decidedly adopted, and none but dowagers now wear the train in ball dresses.

The favors for the German at the Vanderbilt ball cost \$7,000. The supper was furnished by Delmonico and served by 30 waiters.

SOUTH AMERICA is destined to be the next great beef producing region of the world. It is estimated that in two years from now the number of cattle in the Argentine confederation will number 25,000,000, against 13,000,000 in 1877. The enormous increase in the number of cattle has brought down the price so that good fat steers are selling at \$6 a head by their insults, despised him and his

THE BEAUTIFUL SNOW.

Written for The Atlanta Constitution.

Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow,
Filling the sky and the earth below,
Over the housetops, over the street,
Over the heads of the people you meet.

Dancing,
Flirting,
Skimming along.

Beautiful snow! It can do nothing wrong.
Flinging to kiss a fair lady's cheek;
Clinging to lips in a frolicsome freak.

Beautiful snow, from the heavens above,
Pure as an angel, and flake as love.

Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow!
How the flakes gather and laugh as they go!
Whirling about in its mad teasing fun,
It plays in its glee with everyone.

Chasing,
Laughing,
Hurrying by.

It lights up the face and sparkles the eye;
And even the dogs, with a bark and a bound,
Snap at the crystals that eddy around.

The town is alive, and its heart is a glow
To welcome the coming of beautiful snow.

How the wild crowd goes swaying along,
Hailing each other with humor and song!
How the gay sledges like meteors flash by—
Bright for a moment, then lost to the eye.

Ringing,
Swinging,
Dashing they go.

Over the crest of the beautiful snow,
Snow so pure when it falls from the sky,
To be trampled in mud by the crowd rushing by;
To be trampled and tracked by the thousands of feet.

Till it blends with the horrible filth in the street.

Once I was pure as the snow—but I fell;
Fell like the snowflakes—from heaven to hell;
Fell, to be trampled as the filth of the street;
Fell, to be scolded, to be spit on, and beat.

Placid,
Cursing,
Dreading to die.

Selling my soul to whoever would buy,
Dealing in shame for a morsel of bread,
Hailing the living and hating the dead.

Merciful God! Have I fallen so low?
And yet I was once like this beautiful snow!

Once I was fair as the beautiful snow,
With an eye like its crystal, a heart like its glow;
Once I was loved for my innocent grace—
Flattered and sought for the charms of my face.

Father,
Mother,
Sisters all.

God, and myself, I have lost by my fall.
The veriest wretch that goes shivering by
Will take a wide sweep, lest I wander too high;
For of all that is on or about me, I know
There is nothing that's pure but the beautiful snow!

How strange it should be that this beautiful snow
Should fall on a sinner with nowhere to go!
How strange it would be, when the night comes
Again,

If the snow and the ice struck my desperate brain!

Feeling,
Freezing,
Dying alone.

Too wicked for prayer, too weak for my moan
To be heard in the crash of the crazy town,
Gone mad in the joy of the snow coming down
To lie and die in my terrible woe.

With a bed and a shroud of the beautiful snow,
ATLANTA, Dec. 20, 1883.

TOPICS OF INTEREST.

FLATBUSH is only four miles from Brooklyn.

THERE are over 200,000 horses and 100,000 vehicles of all kinds licensed in New York city.

A FARMER rural priest's salary averages \$240, of which half comes from the state and half from the commune. He pays no rent and gets some presents of food usually.

THE largest observatory dome in the world is now being made in Cleveland, O., for the university of Virginia. This dome weighs ten tons and measures forty-five feet, four inches, at the base.

THE scenery in "Herodiade," the new Italian opera, just produced in Paris, is made entirely of paper, and cost only \$1,000; whereas, if it had been painted it could not have been mounted for less than \$9,000.

POSTAL officials say that the foreign mails nowadays are burdened with hundreds of thousands of dollars from this country to Europe as Christmas presents. It is said that two-thirds of the amount comes from servant girls who are proud to remember "the old folks at home."

EARLY SETTLERS.

REMINISCENCES OF THE EMPIRE STATE.

The Many Attempts Made Before Lodgment Was Effected—A Glimpse of John and Charles Wesley—The Rise of Ebenezer—The Fortunes of the Salzburger—Etc.

SAVANNAH, Ga., November 15.—A curious feature of the colonization of the south, particularly of Georgia, and one quite overlooked by the general historian, is the many abortive attempts made for its settlement before a final lodgment was effected, James town, in Virginia, Roanoke island and Brunswick, in North Carolina, Port Royal in South Carolina, Ebenezer, Frederica, Sunbury, and several others less noted will at once occur to the specialist as examples of this truth.

In conversation with a gentleman of this city noted for his interest in the early history of his state, he gave me so picturesque an account of the origin and condition of some of these dead towns that I think it should be preserved in print.

EARLY SETTLEMENT.

Ebenezer lies about thirty miles north of Savannah, on the banks of a small stream a short distance above its entrance into the Savannah river. One can see from its ruins that it was once a considerable town. Pines and cedars overshadow the cellars of many a once goodly dwelling; ruins of workshop and storehouse, the limits of a public common and of a well-filled cemetery may still be traced—but in the place of the busy scene which place is what poets have fabled, a deserted village. To the visitor familiar with its history it recalls a striking feature in the colonization of Georgia, the emigration of the Salzburger, and their somewhat checkered career after being domiciled in their new homes. For this dead town was their former settlement. In 1734, a year after Oglethorpe with the first company of immigrants landed on the bluffs of the Savannah, the first body of this interesting people arrived. There were fifty families in all, comprising some seventy-eight persons. They were members of a race which was just then receiving the sympathy and active aid of all Protestant Europe. Native of the archbishopric of Salzburg, and descendants of the pious Waldenses of the Piedmont Alps, the persecutions of the Catholic prelates had scattered them over Europe and had left them literally nothing but their faith. At this juncture the benevolent Oglethorpe and his colleagues heard of their distressed state, and invited them to emigrate with other beneficiaries of the company to the new colony of Georgia, offering as an inducement to defray the expenses of their passage, to provide stores, to give each colonist on his arrival fifty acres of land, and to furnish provisions until his first harvest should be gathered. This very liberal offer was accepted, and the first contingent, as we have seen, came over in 1734. A second company of fifty-seven persons arrived in the ship Prince of Wales in January 1735, but the most important heira, that known in the history of these people as the "Great Emigration," occurred in the fall of 1735. It was quality, however, rather than quantity that made it noteworthy. In the July of that year, the trustees of Georgia, encouraged by a grant of twenty-six thousand pounds from parliament, made public proclamation that they were ready to furnish free transportation to Georgia to a limited number of such persons as should be approved of by them. Some twelve hundred applied, but in order to secure the best class of settlers it was decided to accept only a few. Highlanders of Scotland and the Salzburger of Germany. One hundred of the latter, residing in Ratisbon, were selected, eighty of whom accepted and set out for England under the care of Baron von Reck and Captain Meinhardt. Meanwhile two ships, the Synmond, of two hundred tons, and the London Merchant, of the same tonnage, were got ready for sea by the trustees. The emigrants were directed to assemble at Gravesend, and on October 20th, 1735, the little fleet put to sea from that port under convoy of the sloop-of-war Hawk.

A GLIMPSE OF JOHN AND CHARLES WESLEY. It was in some respects the most noteworthy expedition that had left the kingdom for America. Oglethorpe himself commanded it. Several distinguished noblemen accompanied him. John and Charles Wesley, the future founders of Methodism, were passengers, and among the somewhat motley company of emigrants were twenty-seven Moravians, the chief object of their voyage being, like that of the Wesleys, the religious improvement of the colonists and the preaching of the gospel to the Indians. John Wesley was a young man at this time, a grave, thoughtful, inquiring student, and had just taken orders in the established church. He had not been long on shipboard when the sweet unaffected piety of the Germans and their spiritual songs and prayers attracted his attention, and during the voyage he became a close student of their character and principles. It is generally admitted that his association with these people led him to adopt the peculiar doctrines which a few years later characterized Methodism. Reaching Savannah after a tempestuous voyage of three months and a half the Salzburger at once joined their countrymen at their settlement some thirty miles up the river. The town and country as they found it is thus pleasantly described by the Baron von Reck in his journal: "The lands are enclosed between two rivers that flow into the Savannah, and the town is built near the largest of these, and is called Ebenezer. The river is navigable, being twelve feet deep. A little rivulet, whose water is clear as crystal, glides by the town. Another runs through it, and both fall into the Ebenezer. The woods here are not so thick as in other places. The sweet zephyrs preserve a delicious coolness, notwithstanding the scorching beams of the sun. There are very fine meadows, in which a great quantity of hay might be made with very little trouble. The hills are also very fit for vines. The cedar, walnut, pine, cypress, and oak make the greatest part of the woods. There are likewise a great quantity of myrtle-trees, out of which they extract, by boiling the berries, a green, very proper to make candles with. There is also a great quantity of those plants of which indigo is made, and an abundance of China root. The earth is so fertile that it will bring forth anything that can be sown or planted in it, whether fruits, herbs, or trees. There are wild vines, which run up to the tops of the tallest trees, and the country is so good that one may ride in full gallop twenty or thirty miles. As to game, there are eagles, wild turkeys, roe-bucks, wild goats, stags, wild cows, horses, hares, partridges, and buffaloes."

THE RISE OF EBENEZER. We have space but for a brief recital of the fortunes of the Salzburger, after they were fairly established in their new homes. On the advent of the last body of colonists new and more substantial dwellings were built, and a house of worship was erected. For many years they endured the toils and privations incident to pioneer life. Labor for building was a scarce commodity. Having neither boats nor teams their provisions were brought from Savannah on their shoulders. Sickness was rife and many in the first years of the settlement fell victims to fever and malarial disorders. Agriculture was for years the only industry followed. They cultivated corn and other cereals, rice and indigo, and led the colony in the production of silkworms. Silk-raising was one of the earliest industries established among them. As early as 1733 the trustees by liberal offers had induced Niccolao Amatis, a Piedmontese, to remove to Georgia with his servant, who, like his master, was well skilled in the art. The Salz-

burgers seem to have taken most kindly to the craft. As early as 1730 mulberry trees were planted at Ebenezer, and the raising of silkworms begun. In 1742 the colonists received five hundred trees from abroad and erected a machine for preparing the silk. Three years later the first specimens of the raw material were sent to England. In 1745 the production reached four hundred and sixty-four pounds. In 1749 Mr. Bolzius, the pastor and director of the colony, was authorized by the trustees to erect ten sheds and ten reeling machines, and to procure everything else needed in the manufacture. By 1750 most of the other colonists had abandoned the industry, while at Ebenezer it was at its highest tide of prosperity, the town shipping to England in 1751 one thousand pounds of cocoons, and seventy-four pounds two ounces of raw silk. The latter realizing the handsome sum of thirty shillings per pound. In acknowledgment of their skill the trustees offered a reeling machine and two pounds in money to every female among them who should become proficient in the work. The industry flourished so long as Ebenezer remained inhabited, and many of the descendants of the Salzburger in Georgia still practice it. Rice, saw, and grist mills were also erected at an early day by Pastor Bolzius. The Salzburger remained a distinct people, preserving their language and faith until long after the period of the revolution, a result largely due to the reverend men sent over to them as pastors by the parent church. Many of these men were men of great learning, as well as piety, all left honorable and lucrative position at home to serve the little church in the wilderness, and most of them to die in its service. The names of Bolzius, Cronan, Mullenberg, and Lemme are worthy to live in history with those of Robison, Brewster, and Elliot.

BRITISH INVASION AND RUIN. At the time of the revolution, Ebenezer was a flourishing village, and was one of the first points captured and occupied by the British after the reduction of Savannah. The presence of the British soldiery worked a sad change in the condition of the little community. The better class of citizens removed from the town to escape the rudeness of the soldiers who were quartered among them; and the British commander, in contempt of their religious feelings, turned their fine brick church, in which their father had worshipped for generations, into a hospital for his sick, and later into a stable for the horses of the command. At the close of the hostilities, most of the citizens returned, but the town never regained its former peaceful and comfortable condition. A spirit of disaffection crept into the church, innovations were introduced, one being the substitution of the English for the German language in its services. Many of the Salzburger withdrew to join Methodist and Baptist churches which had sprung up near them, and a little later the lands of the vicinity of the village having become worn out most of the remaining inhabitants withdrew to secure homes in other parts of the country. By 1835 Ebenezer was practically abandoned. A visitor to the town in 1836 gives a vivid picture of its desolation at that time. He says: "The town has gone and now remains, and even one of these is untenanted. The old church, however, stands in bold relief upon an open lawn, and by its somewhat antique appearance seems silently, yet forcibly, to call up the reminiscences of former years. Not far distant from the church is the cemetery, in which are sleeping the remains of the venerable men who founded the colony and the church, and many of their descendants, who one by one have gone down to the grave to mingle their ashes with those of their illustrious ancestors. Except upon the Sabbath, when the descendants of the Salzburger go up to their temple to worship the God of their fathers, the stillness which reigns around Ebenezer is seldom broken, save by the warbling of the birds, the occasional transit of a steamer, or the murmur of the Savannah, as it flows on to lose itself in the ocean. The sighing winds which sweep the pines and cedars which cast their sombre shades over this deserted village. Desolation seems to have spread over this once favored spot its withering wing, and here, where generation after generation grew up and flourished, where the persecuted and exiled Salzburger reared their offspring in the hope that they would leave a numerous progeny of pious, useful, and prosperous citizens, and where everything seemed to betoken the establishment of a thrifty and permanent colony, scarcely anything is to be seen except the sad evidences of decay and death."

C. B. T.

CHEMISTS HAVE ALWAYS FOUND

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THE MOST PERFECT MADE.

A PURE FRUIT ACID BAKING POWDER. There is none stronger. None so pure and wholesome. Contains no Alum or Ammonia.

Has been used for years in a million homes. Its great strength makes it the cheapest. Its perfect purity the healthiest. In the family loaf most delicious. Prove it by the only true test.

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THE GLOBE HAS NEVER BEEN BEATEN.

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TO BE APPRECIATED THEY MUST BE SEEN.

So Large and so Varied is the Stock, and so Elaborately Designed and Finished in every respect, that Description is an impossibility. I have

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OUTFITS COMPLETE, BEAUTIFUL & DURABLE IN LEATHER, IN PLUSH, IN SATIN, IN VELVET, ALL COLORS, RARE AND BRILLIANT. I HAVE

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Outfits complete, very beautiful, brilliantly inlaid with Pearl, and in elaborately carved, exquisite designs on Ivory. I have

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VARIETY STORE, Dealing in nearly everything. Large Stocks, Good Goods and prices. In my store, just received a large lot of New Turnip-seeds of all kinds. Also, Messrs. Metal and glass-top and Millville Fruit Jars, Terra Cotta. All orders from the city and country accompanied with the cash will be promptly and faithfully filled at low as the lowest.

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SUFFERERS

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A thorough prescription of a noted specialist (see inside). Druggists sell all. Address: **DR. WARD & CO., LOUISIANA, MO.**

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100,000 Tickets at Five Dollars Each.

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1 CAPITAL PRIZE	\$75,000
1 do	10,000
1 do	10,000
2 PRIZES OF \$500	12,500
1 do	10,000
10 do	10,000
20 do	10,000
100 do	10,000
200 do	10,000
400 do	10,000
800 do	10,000
1,600 do	10,000
3,200 do	10,000
6,400 do	10,000
12,800 do	10,000
25,600 do	10,000
51,200 do	10,000
102,400 do	10,000
204,800 do	10,000
409,600 do	10,000
819,200 do	10,000
1,638,400 do	10,000
3,276,800 do	10,000
6,553,600 do	10,000
13,107,200 do	10,000
26,214,400 do	10,000
52,428,800 do	10,000
104,857,600 do	10,000
209,715,200 do	10,000
419,430,400 do	10,000
838,860,800 do	10,000
1,677,721,600 do	10,000
3,355,443,200 do	10,000
6,710,886,400 do	10,000
13,421,772,800 do	10,000
26,843,545,600 do	10,000
53,687,091,200 do	10,000
107,374,182,400 do	10,000
214,748,364,800 do	10,000
429,496,729,600 do	10,000
858,993,459,200 do	10,000
1,717,986,918,400 do	10,000
3,435,973,836,800 do	10,000
6,871,947,673,600 do	10,000
13,743,895,347,200 do	10,000
27,487,790,694,400 do	10,000
54,975,581,388,800 do	10,000
109,951,162,777,600 do	10,000
219,902,325,555,200 do	10,000
439,804,651,110,400 do	10,000
879,609,302,220,800 do	10,000
1,759,218,604,441,600 do	10,000
3,518,437,208,883,200 do	10,000
7,036,874,417,766,400 do	10,000
14,073,748,835,532,800 do	10,000
28,147,497,671,065,600 do	10,000
56,294,995,342,131,200 do	10,000
112,589,990,684,262,400 do	10,000
225,179,981,368,524,800 do	10,000
450,359,962,737,049,600 do	10,000
900,719,925,474,099,200 do	10,000
1,801,439,850,948,198,400 do	10,000
3,602,879,701,896,396,800 do	10,000
7,205,759,403,792,793,600 do	10,000
14,411,518,807,585,587,200 do	10,000
28,823,037,615,171,174,400 do	10,000
57,646,075,230,342,348,800 do	10,000
115,292,150,460,684,697,600 do	10,000
230,584,300,921,369,395,200 do	10,000
461,168,601,842,738,790,400 do	10,000
922,337,203,685,477,580,800 do	10,000
1,844,674,407,370,955,161,600 do	10,000
3,689,348,814,741,910,323,200 do	10,000
7,378,697,629,483,820,646,400 do	10,000
14,757,395,258,967,641,292,800 do	10,000
29,514,790,517,935,282,585,600 do	10,000
59,029,581,035,870,565,171,200 do	10,000
118,059,162,071,741,130,342,400 do	10,000
236,118,324,143,482,260,684,800 do	10,000
472,236,648,286,964,521,369,600 do	10,000
944,473,296,573,929,042,739,200 do	10,000
1,888,946,593,147,858,085,478,400 do	10,000
3,777,893,186,295,716,170,956,800 do	10,000
7,555,786,372,591,432,341,913,600 do	10,000
15,111,572,745,182,864,683,827,200 do	10,000
30,223,145,490,365,729,367,654,400 do	10,000
60,446,290,980,731,458,735,308,800 do	10,000
120,892,581,961,462,917,470,617,600 do	10,000
241,785,163,922,925,834,941,235,200 do	10,000
483,570,327,845,851,669,882,470,400 do	10,000
967,140,655,691,703,339,764,940,800 do	10,000
1,934,281,311,383,406,679,529,881,600 do	10,000
3,868,562,622,766,813,359,059,763,200 do	10,000
7,737,125,245,533,626,718,119,526,400 do	10,000
15,474,250,491,067,253,436,239,052,800 do	10,000
30,948,500,982,134,506,872,478,105,600 do	10,000
61,897,001,964,269,013,744,956,211,200 do	10,000
123,794,003,928,538,027,489,912,422,400 do	10,000
247,588,007,857,076,054,979,824,844,800 do	10,000
495,176,015,714,152,109,959,849,689,600 do	10,000
990,352,031,428,304,219,919,899,379,200 do	10,000
1,980,704,062,856,608,439,839,798,758,400 do	10,000
3,961,408,125,713,216,879,679,597,516,800 do	10,000
7,922,816,251,426,433,759,359,195,033,600 do	10,000
15,845,632,502,852,867,518,718,300,067,200 do	10,000
31,691,265,005,705,735,037,436,600,134,400 do	10,000
63,382,530,011,411,470,074,073,200,268,800 do	10,000
126,765,060,022,822,940,148,146,400,537,600 do	10,000
253,530,120,045,645,880,296,292,800,1075,200 do	10,000



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A nice pair hand made Shoes,
A nice pair hand made Boots,
A nice pair hand made Slippers,
A nice pair Artic Overshoes,
A nice pair Over-gaiters,
A nice pair Gloves,
A fashionable Silk Hat,
A fashionable Cassimer Hat,
A fashionable Derby Hat,
A fashionable Stetson Hat,
A fashionable Soft Hat,
A good Silk Umbrella,
A good Alpaca Umbrella,
A stylish Fancy Neck Scarf,
A stylish Black Neck Scarf,
A stylish Silk Neck Tie,
A dozen Undershirts & Drawers
A dozen Linen Handkerchiefs,
A dozen Collars and Cuffs,
A dozen pair Socks,
A dozen or so Shirts,
A useful Silk Handkerchief,
&c., &c., &c., &c.

A pair Zeigler's Shoes,
A pair Wright's Shoes,
A pair Reynold's Shoes,
A pair Bernhardt Shoes,
A pair Zeigler Slippers,
A pair Kid Slippers,
A pair White Kid Slippers,
A pair Common Sense Shoes,
A pair Princess Overshoes,
A pair Olivette Overshoes,
A pair Bernhardt Overshoes,
A pair Rubber Overshoes,
A pair each for the Children,
A nice Silk Umbrella,
A nice Alpaca Umbrella,
A nice Gingham Umbrella,
A nice Silk Handkerchief,
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HOLIDAY GOODS.

White Silk Mufflers, Silk Hosiery, Silk Suspender, French Kid Gloves, Neck Wear, English and American Style, English Umbrellas and Walking Sticks, Wedding and Party Outfits.

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BEST ONE-HORSE WAGON IN THE MARKET
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Machine Shops, Saw Works and Foundry.

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GATE CITY NATIONAL BANK.

THE REGULAR ANNUAL MEETING OF THE

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ness. Edward S. McCandless, Cashier.

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THE SHORTEST OF ALL ROUTES

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BETWEEN ATLANTA AND FLORIDA,

The Year Round (Without Change and

Without Delay.

The only line running through Passenger Coaches

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CHATTANOOGA AND JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

WITHOUT CHANGE AND

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SOUTHWARD.

STATIONS. Train No. 53 Train No. 51

Leave Cleveland..... 8:00 am 2:35 pm

Leave CHATTANOOGA..... 8:20 am

" Collierville..... 8:35 am

" Cohutta..... 8:50 am

Arrive DALTON..... 9:55 am 8:55 pm

Leave Dalton..... 10:10 am

Arrive East Rome..... 11:17 am 6:00 pm

Leave East Rome..... 11:35 am 6:10 pm

Arrive Rome..... 12:15 pm 7:35 pm

Leave Rome..... 1:02 pm 8:15 pm

Arrive ATLANTA..... 2:30 pm 9:45 pm

Leave ATLANTA..... 2:40 pm 1:35 am

Arrive Jackson..... 4:45 pm 3:45 am

Leave Jackson..... 4:55 pm 3:55 am

Arrive Indian Springs..... 5:25 pm 4:25 am

Leave Indian Springs..... 5:45 pm 4:45 am

Arrive MACON..... 7:20 pm 6:00 am

Leave MACON..... 7:35 pm 6:15 am

Arrive Jesup..... 8:35 pm 7:20 am

Leave Jesup..... 8:50 pm 7:35 am

Arrive Sterling..... 10:25 pm 12:20 pm

Leave Sterling..... 10:40 pm 12:35 pm

Arrive BRUNSWICK..... 8:45 am

Leave BRUNSWICK..... 9:10 pm

Arrive JESUP..... 11:45 pm 6:55 am

Leave JESUP..... 12:00 pm 1:20 pm

Arrive East Rome..... 4:15 am 12:20 pm

Leave East Rome..... 4:30 am 1:35 pm

Arrive Cohutta..... 5:05 am 1:50 pm

Leave Cohutta..... 5:20 am 2:05 pm

Arrive Collierville..... 5:45 am 2:30 pm

Leave Collierville..... 6:00 am 2:45 pm

Arrive CHATTANOOGA..... 8:10 pm 1:10 pm

Leave CHATTANOOGA..... 8:30 pm 1:30 pm

Arrive Cleveland..... 8:45 pm 1:45 pm

Leave Cleveland..... 9:00 pm 2:00 pm

Arrive BRUNSWICK..... 8:30 pm

Leave BRUNSWICK..... 8:50 pm

Arrive JESUP..... 11:45 pm 6:55 am

Leave JESUP..... 12:00 pm 1:20 pm

Arrive East Rome..... 4:15 am 12:20 pm

Leave East Rome..... 4:30 am 1:35 pm

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Arrive Cohutta..... 5:05 am 1:50 pm

Leave Cohutta..... 5:20 am 2:05 pm

Arrive Collierville..... 5:45 am 2:30 pm

Leave Collierville..... 6:

